

amusing items of banned behaviour at the various naturist clubs. These include "persistent staring"; "voyeuristic positioning"; "ridicule or jokes of a crude or sexual nature"; "unsolicited comments about a person's body"; or (the best one) "presumptuous hugs". You damn well have to be nude, too, while River Island at least is "clothing optional".

My girlfriend and I check in at the office, where Colin the owner checks my credit card. He is wearing a pair of shorts, thank God. I can stand the sight of 300 jaybirds on the beach, but one bare-arsed bloke at the till is too much.

I browse the nudism magazines on the counter, and find a list of upcoming activities.

"Got anything on this weekend?" I ask.

Colin smiles weakly. He must have heard it before. I note the upcoming "Nudefest", which includes that most dreadful of crimes – nude line-dancing.

Colin shows us to our cabin. We pass the pool area, where I catch glimpses of people who are definitely wearing nothing at all. My girlfriend is making "God-help-me" noises behind her hand. Colin pretends not to notice.

All the cabins and caravans are well spaced up the side of the valley, away from the Wollondilly River. You can have all the privacy you want, but it's still neighbourly enough to invite people over for a game of nude Twister or dress poker, or whatever.

There's still enough daylight for a hike along the river, but we decide to start off small with a nude lie-by-the-pool.

"The trouble is," says my girlfriend, "I don't think I'm going to be able to stop laughing."

On the walk we see a middle-aged man sitting in his deckchair with a beer. He is wearing a big cowboy hat and, unfortunately, nothing else.

There is an unheated pool, a smaller, heated pool and three spas. Arranged around them in lounges are naked people, many of whom would have clear memories of World War II. They have gone past their prime in the way a Ferrari has gone past a small, asthmatic donkey.

Aware of breaking the "persistent staring" rule, I strip off and lie down quickly. If I lie here quietly, I can pretend everything's fine and normal. Unfortunately, every time I look down, I see my **FLOWERS! THINK OF THE FLOWERS** and give myself a shock.

Getting into the pool doesn't help either, especially when a large lady I'd talked to earlier strides naked to the edge and climbs down the ladder after me.

"Isn't it nice here?" she asks, while I desperately look at a spot about an inch above her head.

"Yes," I say. "Nice."

At night, the only entertainment is sitting in a spa or playing pool in "The Barn". The Barn is a big, cold room that's living on past glories. There are two free pool tables, some long benches and a hatch at the end where you can buy burgers. On the walls are photos of young, happy, sexy nature-lovers. They are sitting on big rocks or looking at sunsets. They look nothing like the people at the pool. Only their groovy hair gives them away – the photos date from the '70s, '80s and earlier. They might actually be the people at the pool.

The bookshelf is a giveaway, too. Many of the books are the sort of off-colour thrillers you flicked through for the sexy bits when your dad nipped down the road for a pack of Winfields or a beer at the pub. At least six of them are by Irwin Shaw, who's been dead nearly 20 years. In the pile of magazines is a 13-year-old *New Idea* – the first



**THIS IS A CLASSIC
INSECURITY DREAM –
EXCEPT IT'S REAL, AND
WE'RE PAYING FOR IT**

Crocs prefer string bikinis, so they can floss afterwards